THE SMILE OF A BABE IN SLEEP.

As sweet as the breath of early morn,
As white as new-fallen snow,
As pure as the love of God inborn,
As honest as tears that flow;
As soft as the touch of the blushing rose,
As clear as bright water deep,
As tender as the life that shows,
The smile of a babe in sleep.

Like the gentle touch of a fairy wand,
Like the fallen dews of even,
Like the searching eyes that look beyond,
Like hopes which rest in Heaven,
Like the thought that comes unasked, unheard,
Like the troth which angels keep,
Like the force of a low, unspoken word,
Comes the smile of a babe in sleep.

The smile of a babe in slumber deep,
Was there e'er a tenderer gift,
To a world of sin, to hold and keep,
Than this opening child-cloud rift,
Bringing to earth-born women and men
Messages dear that creep
Into memories new each day again,
The smile of a babe in sleep.
—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Near our end of the street a group of horsemen, rising island-like from the sea of heads, sat motionless in their saddles about a gateway. They were silent, taking no notice of the rioting fiends shouting at their girths, but watching in grim quiet what was passing within the gates. They were handsomely dressed, although some wore corselets over their satin coats or lace above buff jerkins. I could even at that distance see the jewels gleam in the bonnet of one who seemed to be their leader. He was in the center of the band, a very young man, perhaps 20 or 21, of most splendid presence, sitting his horse superbly. He wore a gray riding coat, and was a head taller than any of his companions. There was pride in the very air with which his horse bore him.

I did not need to ask Pavannes who he was. I knew that he was the Duke of Guise, and that the house before which he stood was Coligny's. I knew what was being done there. And in the same moment I sickened with horror and rage. I had a vision of gray hairs and blood and fury scarcely human. And I rebelled. I battled with the rabble about me. I forced my way through them tooth and nail after Pavannes, intent only on escaping, only on getting away, from there. And so we neither halted nor looked back until we were clear of the crowd and had left the blaze of light and the work doing by it way behind us.

We found ourselves then in the mouth of an obscure alley which my companion whispered would bring us to his house; and there we paused to take breath and look back. The sky was red behind us, the air full of the clash and din of the tocsin, and the flood of sounds which poured from every tower and steeple. From the eastward came the rattle of drums and random shots, and shrieks of "A bas Coligny!" "A bas les Huguenots!" Meanwhile the city was rising as one man, pale at this dread awakening. From every window men and women, frightened by the uproar, were craning their necks, asking or answering questions or hurriedly calling for and kindling tapers. But as yet the general populace seemed to be taking no active part in the disorder.

Pavannes raised his hat an instant as we stood in the shadow of the houses. "The noblest man in France is dead," he said, softly and reverently. "God rest his soul! They have had their way with him and killed him like a dog. He was an old man, and they did not spare him! A noble, and they have called in the canaille to tear him. But be sure, my friend"—and as the speaker's tone changed and grew full and proud, his form seemed to swell with it—"be sure the cruel shall not live out half their days! No. He that takes the knife shall perish by the knife! And go to his own place! I shall not see it, but you will!"

His words made no great impression on me then. My hardihood was returning. I was throbbing with fierce excitement, and tingling for the fight. But years afterwards, when the two who stood highest in the group about Coligny's threshold died, the one at 38 and the other at 35—when Henry of Guise and Henry of Valois died within six months of one another by the assassin's knife—I remembered Pavannes' augury. And remembering it, I read the ways of Providence, and saw that the very audacity of which Guise took advantage to entrap Coligny led him in his turn to trip smiling and bowing a comfit box in his hand and the kisses of his mistress damp on his lips, into a king's closet—a king's closet at Blois! Led him to lift the curtain—ah! to lift the curtain—what Frenchman does not know the tale?—behind which stood the admiral!

To return to our own fortunes; after a hurried glance we pursued our way, and sped through the alley, holding a brief consultation as we went. Pavannes' first hasty instinct to seek shelter at home began to lose its force, and he to consider whether his return would not endanger his wife. The mob might be expected to spare her, he argued. Her death would not benefit any private foes if he escaped. He was for keeping away, therefore. But I would not agree to this. The priest's crew of desperadoes—assuming Pavannes' suspicions to be correct—would wait some time, no doubt, to give the master of the house a chance to return, but would certainly attack sooner or later out of greed, if for no other motive. Then the lady's fate would at the best be uncertain. I was anxious myself to rejoin my brothers, and take all future chances, whether of saving our Louis, or escaping ourselves, with them. United we should be four good swords, and might at least protect Mme. de Pavannes to a place of safety, if no opportunity of succoring Louis would present itself. We had too, the duke's ring, and this might be of service at a pinch. "No," I urged, "let us get together. We two will slip in at the front gate and bolt and bar it, and then we will all escape in a body at the back, while they are forcing the gateway."

"There is no door at the back," he answered, shaking his head.

"There are windows."

"They are too strongly barred. We could not break out in time," he explained with a groan.

I paused at that, crestfallen. But danger quickened my wits. In a moment I had another plan, not so hopeful and more dangerous, yet worth trying, I thought. I told him of it, and he agreed to it. As he nodded assent we merged into a street, and I saw—for the gray light of morning was beginning to penetrate between the houses—that we were only a few yards from the gateway, and the small door by which I had seen my brothers enter. Were they still in the house? Were they safe? I had been away an hour at least.

Anxious as I was about them I looked around me very keenly as we flitted across the road and knocked gently at the door. I thought it so likely that we should be fallen upon here, that I stood on my guard while we waited but we were not molested. The street, being at some distance from the center of the commotion, was still and empty, with no signs of life apparent, except the rows of heads poked through the windows—all possessing eyes which watched us heedfully and in perfect silence. Yes, the street was quite empty; except, ah! except, for that lurking figure, which, even as I spied it, shot around a distant angle of the wall and was lost to sight!

"There!" I cried, reckless now who might hear me, "knock! knock louder! never mind the noise. The alarm is given. A score of people are watching us, and yonder spy has gone off to summon his friends."

The truth was my anger was rising. I could bear no longer the silent regards of all those eyes at the windows. I writhed under them—cruel, pitiless eyes they were. I read in them a morbid curiosity, a patient anticipation that drove me wild. Those men and women gazing on us so stonily knew my companion's rank and faith. They had watched him riding in and out daily, one of the sights of their street, gay and gallant; and now with the same eyes they were watching greedily for the butchers to come. The very children took a fresh interest in him, as one doomed and dying; and waited panting for the show to begin. So I read them.

"Knock!" I repeated, angrily, losing all patience. Had I been foolish in bringing him back to this part of the town where every soul knew him? "Knock; we must get in, whether or no. They cannot all have left the house!"

I kicked the door desperately, and my relief was great when it opened. A servant with a pale face stood before me, his knees visibly shaking. And behind him was Croisette.

I think we fell straightway into one another's arms.

"And Marie," I cried. "Marie?"

"Marie is within, and madame," he answered, joyfully; "we are together again and nothing matters. But oh, Anne, where have you been? And what is the matter? Is it a great fire? Or is the king dead? Or what is it?"

I told him. I hastily poured out some of the things which had happened to me, and some which I feared were in store for others. Naturally he was surprised and shocked by the latter, though his fears had already been aroused. But his joy and relief, when he heard the mystery of Louis de Pavannes' marriage explained, were so great that they swallowed up all other feelings. He could not say enough about it. He pictured Louis again and again as Kit's lover, as our old friend, our companion; as true, stanch, brave, without fear, without reproach; and it was long before his eyes ceased to sparkle, his tongue to run merrily, the color to mantle in his cheeks—long that is as time is counted by minutes. But presently the remembrance of Louis' danger and our own position returned more vividly. Our plan for rescuing him had failed—failed!

"No! no!" cried Croisette, stoutly. He would not hear of it. He would not have it at any price. "No, we will not give up hope! We will go shoulder to shoulder and find him. Louis is as brave as a lion and as quick as a weasel. We will find him in time yet. We will go when—I mean as soon as—"

He faltered and paused. His sudden silence, as he looked around the empty forecourt in which we stood was eloquent. The cold light, faint and uncertain yet, was stealing in the court, disclosing a row of stables on either side, and a tiny porter's hutch by the gates, and fronting us a noble house of four stories, tall, gray, grim-looking.

I assented, gloomily, however. "Yes," I said, "we will go when—"

And I too stopped. The same thought was in my mind. How could we leave these people? How could we leave madame in her danger and distress? How could we return her kindness by desertion? We could not. No, not for Kit's sake. Because, after all, Louis, our Louis, was a man, and must take his chance. He must take his chance. But I groaned.

So that was settled. I had already explained our plans to Croisette; and now as we waited he began to tell me a story, a long, confused story about Mme d'O. I thought he was talking for the sake of talking—to keep up our spirits—and I did not attend much to him, so that he had not reached the gist of it, or at least I had not grasped it, when a noise without stayed his tongue. It was the tramping of footsteps, apparently of a large party in the street. It forced him to break off, and promptly drove us all to our posts.

But before we separated a slight figure, hardly noticeable in the dim, uncertain light, passed me quickly, laying for an instant a soft hand in mine as I stood waiting at the gates. I have said I scarcely saw the figure, though I did see the kind, timid eyes, and the pale cheeks under the hood; but I bent over the hand and kissed it, and felt, truth to tell, no more regret nor doubt where our duty lay. But stood waiting patiently.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEAD OF ERASMUS.

Waiting, and waiting alone! The gates were almost down now. The gang of ruffians without, reinforced each moment by volunteers eager for plunder, rained blows unceasingly on hinge and socket; and still hotter and faster, through a dozen rifts in the timbers, came the fire of their threats and curses. Many grew tired, but others replaced them. Tools broke, but they brought more and worked with savage energy. They had shown at first a measure of prudence; looking to be fired on, and to be resisted by men, surprised, indeed, but desperate; and the bolder of them only had advanced. But now they pressed around unchecked, meeting no resistance. They would scarcely stand back to let the sledges have swing; but hallooed and ran in on the creaking beams and beat them with their fists whenever the gates swayed under a blow.

One stout iron bar still held its place. And this I watched as if fascinated. I was alone in the empty courtyard, standing a little aside, sheltered by one of the stone pillars from which the gates hung. Behind me the door of the house stood ajar. Candles, which the daylight rendered garish, still burned in the rooms on the first floor, of which the tall narrow windows were open. On the wide stone sill of one of these stood Croisette, a boyish figure, looking silently down at me, his hand on the latticed shutter. He looked pale, and I nodded and smiled at him. I felt rather anger than fear myself; remembering, as the fiendish cries half-deafened me, old tales of the Jacquerie and its doings, and how we had trodden it out.

Suddenly the din and tumult flashed to a louder note; as when hounds on the scene give tongue at sight. I turned quickly from the house, recalled to a sense of the position and peril. The iron bar was yielding to the pressure. Slowly the left wing of the gate was sinking inwards. Through the widening chasm I caught a glimpse of wild, grimy faces and bloodshot eyes, and heard above the noise a sharp cry from Croisette—a cry of terror. Then I turned and ran, with a defiant gesture and an answering yell, right across the forecourt and up the steps to the door.

I ran the faster for the sharp report of a pistol behind me, and the whirr of a ball past my ear. But I was not scared by it: and as my feet alighted with a bound on the topmost step, I glanced back. The dogs were halfway across the court. I made a bungling attempt to shut and lock the great door—failed in this; and heard behind me a roar of coarse triumph. I waited for no more. I darted up the oak staircase, four steps at a time, and rushed into the great drawing-room on my left, banging the door behind me.

The once splendid room was in a state of strange disorder. Some of the rich

Slowly the left wing of the gate was sinking inwards.

tapestry had been hastily torn down. One window was closed and shuttered; no doubt Croisette had done it. The other two were open—as if there had not been time to close them—and the cold light which they admitted contrasted in ghastly fashion with the yellow rays of candles still burning in the sconces. The furniture had been huddled aside or piled into a barricade, a chevaux de frise of chairs and tables stretching across the width of the room, its intertisces stuffed with, and its weakness partly screened by, the torn-down hangings. Behind this frail defense, their backs to a door which seemed to lead to an inner room, stood Marie and Croisette, pale and defiant. The former had a long pike; the latter leveled a heavy, bell-mounted arquebuse across the back of a chair, and blew up his match as I entered. Both had in addition swords. I darted like a rabbit through a little tunnel left on purpose for me in the rampart, and took my stand by them.

"Is all right?" ejaculated Croisette, turning to me nervously.

"All right, I think," I answered. I was breathless.

"You are not hurt?".

"Not touched!"

I had just time to draw my sword before the assailants streamed into the room, a dozen ruffians, reeking and tattered, with flushed faces and greedy, staring eyes. Once inside, however, suddenly—so suddenly that an idle spectator might have found the change ludicrous—they came to a stop. Their wild cries ceased, and tumbling over one another with curses and oaths they halted, surveying us in muddled surprise; seeing what was before them, and not liking it. Their leader appeared to be a tall butcher, with a pole-ax on his half-naked shoulder; but there were among them two or three soldiers in the royal livery and carrying pikes. They had looked for victims only, having met with no resistance at the gate, and the foremost recoiled now on finding themselves confronted by the muzzle of the arquebuse and the lighted match.

I seized the occasion. I knew, indeed, that the pause presented our only chance, and I sprang on a chair and waived my hand for silence. The instinct of obedience for the moment asserted itself; there was a stillness in the room.

"Beware!" I cried, loudly—as loudly and confidently as I could, considering that there was a quaver at my heart as I looked on those savage faces, which met and yet avoided my eye. "Beware of what you do! We are Catholics one and all like yourselves, and good sons of the church. Ay, and good subjects, too! Vive le roi, gentlemen! God save the king! I say." And I struck the barricade with my sword until the metal rang again. "God save the king!"

"Cry Vive la Messe!" shouted one.

"Certainly, gentlemen!" I replied, with politeness. "With all my heart. Vive la Messe! Vive la Messe!"

This took the butcher, who, luckily, was still sober, utterly aback. He had never thought of this. He stared at us as if the ox he had been about to fell had opened its mouth and spoken, and, grievously at a loss, he looked for help to his companions.

Later in the day, some Catholics were killed by the mob. But their deaths as far as could be learned afterwards were due to private feuds. Save in such cases—and they were few—the cry of Vive la Messe! always obtained at least a respite; more easily, of course, in the earlier hours of the morning when the mob were scarce at ease in their liberty to kill, while killing still seemed murder, and men were not yet drunk with bloodshed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BEST HUSBAND.

Newspaper Man Said to Have All the Qualifications for the Place.

An authority on mankind has given his views on the sort of men that make the best husbands. Among the really nice ones he classes the man who is fond of fishing, the lawyer and the all-round journalist. He does not enthuse over the popular doctor as a husband, and a musical genius or a man of letters gives him cold chills and shudders. The author, he says, is so fond of his fine sentences that he is disagreeable when the baby cries, and makes himself generally odious about his food. the noise of the children and any domestic infelicities that may come along. The musician cares for little except his art, and the wife is often secondary to the claims of the prima donna or the sympathetic creature whose soul is as full of melody as his own. All in all, the good journalist seems to have the most strong points. He is a bit of a philosopher, is likely to be practical, makes the best of what cannot be helped and is full of alternatives. The lawyer is good to have in the house. He is likely to be alert, a good judge of human nature, a good talker and quite as fond of listening as of hearing the sound of his own voice. He studies human nature at home as well as abroad, and is altogether a good fellow. The politician is a diplomat, and while he sometimes leaves all of his diplomacy outside of his front door, this is not always the case. The bachelor comes in for a lively scoring, especially the one who claims that he has no small vices. Nature abhors a vacuum, and if there are no small vices it is pretty safe to say that there may be some large ones that will be pretty difficult to deal with.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Single Man in the Transvaal.

Some years ago, when three sturdy young fellows in my native parish determined on emigrating to Cape Colony, I strongly advised them to take wives with them, but all to no purpose, and two of them soon after arriving in the colony married Kaffir girls. I am told that this is no unusual thing, that it is done by hundreds of colonists owing to the scarcity of white women; and thus, instead of propagating the English race there, they only succeed in raising up a wretched mongrel breed. Such a mistake is not made by the Dutch settlers, however rude, ignorant and unprogressive they may be considered. I am assured that most of the Englishmen who have flocked into the Transvaal and the Chartered company's territories are unmarried. They would not think of yoking themeselves to black women, but regularly maintain a demoralizing intercourse with them. So long as is goes on the Boers may well despise them. — London Times.

This Was Long Ago.

In one of the letters of Grui Patin, written in 1615, the learned bibliophilist says: "It is true that there is here an Englishman, the son of a Frenchman, who proposes to make carriages that will roll from Paris to Fontainebleau without horses in a day. The new machine is preparing in the Temple. If it should succeed there will be a great saving of hay and oats, which are at present extremely costly."—Chicago Tribune.

A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married me.—N. Y. Weekly.

From its less porous structure alone it is evident that a piece of a young and thrifty oak is stronger than the porous wood of an old or stunted tree.

POPULAR SCIENCE

DUAL PERSONALITY.

Well-Known Scientist Discusses Its Medico-Legal Status.

A paper was recently read before the section of neurology of the American Medical association by Dr. R. Osgood Mason, the medical scientist, whose investigations in psychical phenomena have attracted wide attention, on the origin and medico-legal aspect of the dual personality.

He believes that not only physical peculiarities and tendencies to certain diseases, but mental characteristics, may be transmitted to descendants, often passing over one or more generations to appear unmistakably in a later one. "Suppose, for instance, that five generations back there had appeared a man of thoroughly bad characteristics married to a right-minded, moral, even religious woman." He further supposes that this man's life was in every way profane and vicious; that "the generations which immediately succeeded came under influences, which, aided by inherited characteristics from the mother, led to lives of morality, uprightness, or even conspicuous piety." In the fifth generation appeared a man almost the counterpart of his evil ancestor. "Where did this evil tendency exist during the four intervening generations?" Dr. Mason states that in the "fourth generation was a mild and religiously inclined woman of delicate health. Some sudden shock, syncope or loss of consciousness occurs, and on recovery an entirely new personality is found. The patient commences to curse, to vilify everything good, and to uphold sentiments and practices of the most criminal character. The newly-arrived personality has a chain of memories and individual history quite foreign to the primary self, but consistent with the remote ancestor, whom we have considered." In an hour her own consciousness has returned and her recent condition is perhaps called temporary insanity, or, in more primitive times, was termed "possession of the evil spirit." In like manner a pleasant atavism may appear after generations of evil-doers. The doctor cites many cases of alternating personality, which makes the Jekyll and Hyde story seem quite probable and explains many cases of erratic actions in staid citizens, as well as pseudo-memory and many of our strange impulses, which theosophists claim prove reincarnation to be a reality. Mr. Mason claims that it is but the transmission of qualities and ideas which may for years remain dormant, and that one's ordinary self should not be punished for a crime the motive of which may be traced to a remote ancestor. He thinks the question of interest not only to the scientists but the whole world.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

How to Make a Good Syphon of a Straw and a Peach Pit.

Bore two holes at right angles in a peach pit and into each of them fit a straw (one of the straws being longer than the other), and make the joints tight with wax. It will suffice to suck

SIPHON MADE OF A STRAW AND A PEACH PIT.

through the longer straw in order to prime the siphon thus formed and cause the liquid to flow.

The same result may be obtained by beveling one of the extremities of each of the straws and then uniting the latter with a little modeling wax.

We are indebted for the cut and description to La Physique sans Appareils, by Gaston Tissandier.

Air Jam in a Tunnel.

A curious state of things was observed in the tunnel of the underground railway of Budapest on account of lack of ventilation. For a stretch of more than two miles there is only a single ventilator, which is entirely insufficient, and the trains running through the tunnel compress the air within like that in the gun barrel of a Zalinski dynamite gun. It is stated that on several occasions the cars were raised bodily from the tracks by the pressure of air and gas, and the passengers were almost suffocated. Steps have been taken to increase the number of air shafts, so that there will be at least ten of these in each mile, and very large exhaust fans will do away with the danger of insufficient ventilation, which now renders the employment at the same time of the two tracks in the tunnel absolutely dangerous.

About Premature Burial.

Col. E. P. Vollum and Mr. Tebb have written a book on the subject of premature burial and declare they have not exaggerated the case. They say it would be impossible to record all the cases collected in a volume of 400 pages. Dr. Franz Hartman is said to have collected 700 cases, and Dr. L. Guern, whose work entitled "Danger des Inhumations," has passed through several editions, has collected 2,513 cases.

Getting It in Trim.

She—Is your arm getting better?

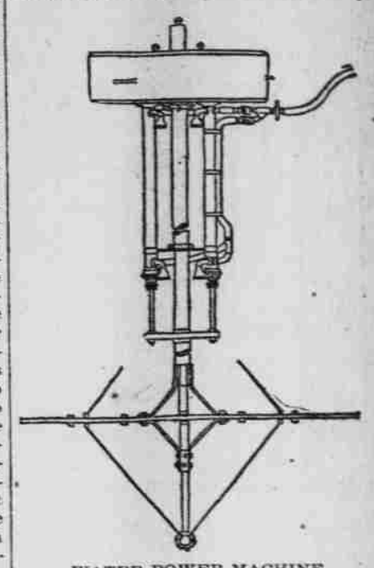
He—Yes, I guess it will be able to be around all right in a few days.—Town Topics.

USING WAVE POWER.

A Machine Built to Get Work Out of the Sea's Currents.

B. Morley Fletcher, an associate member of the British Institute of Civil Engineers, has been engaged for some time in carrying on experiments in England looking to the utilization of the force developed by the rise and fall of the waves of the sea. Many attempts have been made to use this enormous power for mechanical purposes, and it has been estimated that a very small fraction of the energy developed in the sea by the winds would suffice for all human needs. Mr. Fletcher has succeeded in making an experimental machine which promises to be of real utility for many purposes.

The machine is simply a pump arranged in an ingenious manner, so that



WATER POWER MACHINE.

the waves shall work it up and down, and the force of the stream of water thus propelled may be used either directly for operating engines or be carried to reservoirs and used from these for producing energy. Mr. Fletcher's machine consists, first, of a strong metal rod, the lower end of which is held stationary at a fixed distance from the bottom of the sea by means of chains and anchors. Near the upper end, and built so that it can slide on the rod, is a big, round, hollow float, shaped like a cheese box. Attached to the lower side of this float, one on either central rod, are the barrels of two long pumps whose piston rods are made fast to a cross-piece on the central rod below. It is evident that if the central rod is held firmly, the rise and fall of the floating cylinder at the top will work the pumps. The difficulty to be overcome lies in the fact that the central rod would naturally rise and fall with the float. To overcome this tendency Mr. Fletcher has carried the lower end of the central rod down into the sea below the zone of wave action, and there fastened a flat disk to the rod. This disk offers so much resistance to movement that it holds the central rod practically still while the float rises and falls and does the pumping. A small machine which was used at Dover had a float about four feet in diameter and a stroke to the pump of four feet; and this when in full action developed 3.7 horse power.

A plant is now being built which is intended to develop 300 horse power when it is fully operated by the waves. —N. Y. Sun.

HELP FOR THE DEAF.

A Machine Which Enables Them to Distinguish Melodies.

It is acknowledged that all, even the deaf and dumb, have a vestige of auditive power. Sound, which is a temporary phenomenon, had first to be registered to be studied. This has been accomplished by the phonograph. In order to amplify these registered sounds that they may be perceptible to the very deaf, M. Dussaud, the Swiss philanthropist, professor of applied physics at the University of Geneva, and deputy to the confederation, has invented the microphonograph, which may be called the first sound microscope, or first pair of glasses for deaf ears. This machine consists practically of a phonograph, on whose membrane has been adapted a new kind of microphone. When the receiver is applied to the ear, by gradually increasing the strength of the current so great an intensity of the words or airs can be obtained that the ear can no longer perceive them without violent suffering. M. Dussaud, by regulating the current, succeeds in getting persons of different degrees of deafness to follow; after a little experience and practice, different melodies, in which they beat the measure and which they distinguish one from another. Perception of sound will render the use of speech easier to them.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Proposed Racial Survey.

A complete racial survey of the living adult population of Switzerland is proposed by Dr. Rudolph Martin, of Zurich. The observations of each individual would include measurements—28 in all—with a few simple instruments, together with color of hair and eyes, complexion, shape of head, face, nose, etc. The object sought is to determine what types among the inhabitants represent rare varieties and what others indicate hybrid forms.

Strange Himalayan Tribes.

MM. Olufsen and Philipsen, two Danish officers who recently explored the Pamir country north of the Himalayas, found there unknown tribes who are fire worshipers, and ignorant of the use of money. Their animals are all dwarfed, the cows being the size of ponies, the donkeys of large dogs, and the sheep of small poodles. Women are sold for five or six cows or fifteen sheep apiece. Their chief article of barter is furs.